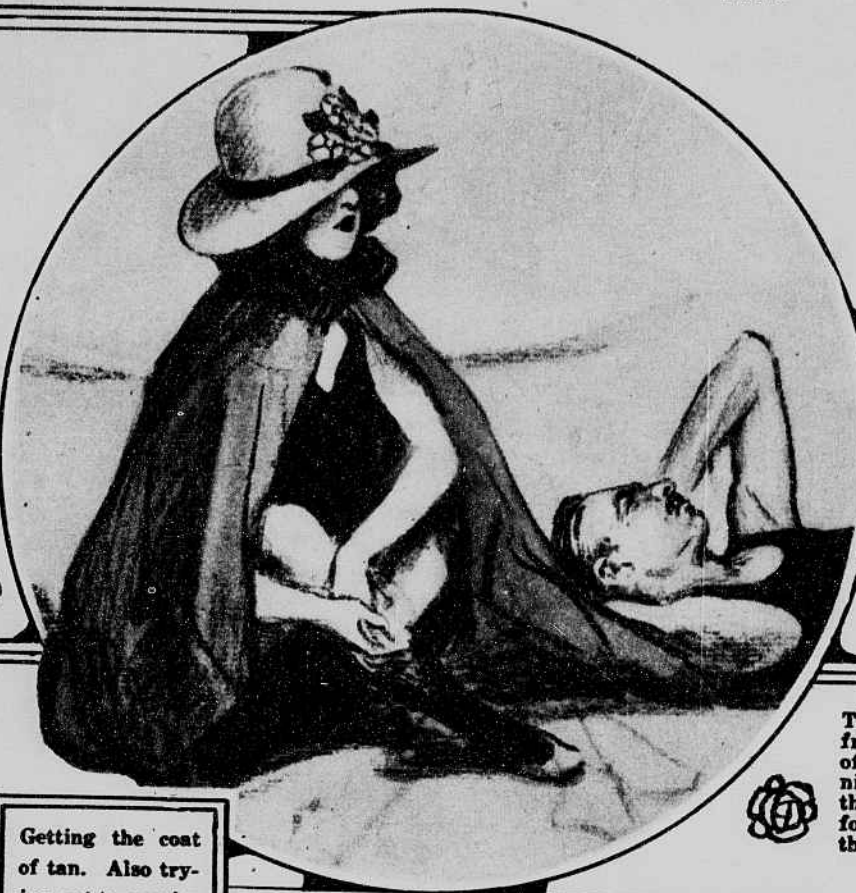


SUMMER SPORTS

By W. E. HILL
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Getting the coat of tan. Also trying not to acquire one—it all depends on your type of beauty.

Those summer friendships. Mrs. Oboe and Mrs. Ruff have become such good friends. And their husbands have become the best of pals. During the month of August the Ruffs and the Oboes will be inseparable. The hotel wits will nickname them "the big four"—if the Ruffs and the Oboes haven't already thought of it—and Mrs. Ruff and Mrs. Oboe will make all sorts of chummy plans for the winter months. But when the summer vacations end it's a safe guess that Mr. and Mrs. Ruff will never see Mr. and Mrs. Oboe again.

The porch party. Miss Wallabout is on her way to an afternoon euchre, or bridge maybe, at Mrs. Sam Gunter's. The front porch will be tastefully decorated with ferns and golden-rod, and if none of the guests are subject to hay fever, and a windstorm does not blow up, a good time will be had by all. That is, until the prizes are awarded. Then a great many of the ladies will feel done out of what should be their by rights.



The summer sale. If you were to ask of Mrs. Fred Grindel what summer sport she favored most she would, no doubt, say "boating," or "driving," or "golfing." But, truth to tell, Mrs. Grindel's keenest joy of a summer's day is the shopping trip to the big city, where the hats that were sixty dollars in the late spring have been reduced to six.

Seeing friends off to Europe is the next best thing to going one's self. It is, moreover, a bona fide American summer sport. (The gentlemen at the extreme right, the ones seeing Hymie off, are advising friend Hymie to "go easy with the soubrettes in Paree," and not to take any wooden nickels either there or anywhere else. The elderly lady standing next has just been saying goodbye to her married daughter. "Oh, May, I have the feeling I'll never see you and Joe again!" was her parting sally. And no one in the crowd has forgotten to suggest that maybe it won't be so awfully rough on the water. "You may not be so very seasick," they have said one and all.



The nice long tramp over country roads. Jeanette is one of those sunlight blondes who wears yellow, to carry out the sunshiny effect. In her yellow and white gingham, Jeanette is starting out on a long walk. She has it all figured out that if she walks, say, five miles a day, the too, too solid flesh will melt away. But, oh, those country roads! They are full of nasty little stones that make even the stoutest ankle turn right over on one. After the first half mile Jeanette will come straight back to the hotel and join the bridge players.

The non-professional baseball game. The doctors and lawyers are tied for the championship in the ninth inning, and there is great tension in the bleachers. Won't some kind soul help Dr. Rafferty, the lefthanded fielder? His spectacles have been lost in the grass!

Peeling. This is undoubtedly the king of indoor summer sports. Young men who burn easily love nothing better than to tell you how bad a burn they got on Sunday. And if you don't believe them they will roll up their shirtsleeves and show you how their arms are all peeling, and how no known remedy did the least bit of good. They just had to suffer and make the best of it.

Now is the time of year when most men begin to decide they don't look well in a plain straw hat. So they go and buy a panama, or a make-believe panama. And then they are all ready to be admired.

